



JACK JOHNSON QUILTS ON KNOCKDOWN

KANSAS RAISED SOMETHING BESIDE SUNFLOWERS; A REGULAR "WHITE HOPE"



WHITE RACE PROCLAIMS WILLARD NEW CHAMPION WHEN HE WINS IN 26TH

Supremacy of Negro Ends—
Old Father Time and
Kansas Cowboy Combine
to Bring Back Laurels to
Caucasians

SMOKE SENDS HIS
WIFE FROM ARENA

But Not in Time to Prevent
Her Seeing His Finish—
White Flags on Autos
Tell of Jess Willard's
Victory

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH]

HAVANA, April 5.—Jack Johnson, exiled from his own country, today lost his claim to fistic fame as the heavyweight champion of the world, the title being wrested from him by Jess Willard, the Kansas cowboy, the biggest man who ever entered the prize ring.

The fight has probably no parallel in the history of ring battles. For twenty rounds Johnson punched and pounded Willard at will but his blows grew perceptibly less powerful as the fight progressed until at last he seemed unable or unwilling to go on. Johnson stopped and for three or four rounds the battle between the two big men, was little more than a series of plastic poses of white or black gladiators. So it was until the twenty-fifth round when Willard got in one of his widely swinging windmill right-hand smashes to Johnson's heart. This was the beginning of the end. When the round closed Johnson sent word to his wife that he was all in, and told her to start for home. She was on her way out and was passing the ring in the twenty-sixth round when a singing left to the body and a cyclone right to the jaw caused Johnson to crumple up on the floor of the ring, where he lay partly outside the ropes until Referee Welch counted ten, and held up Willard's hand in token of his newly won laurels.

There is much discussion tonight and will probably be for some time, among followers of the fighting game as to whether Johnson was really knocked out.

In the sense of being smashed into unconsciousness, he certainly was not put out.

Johnson Quit

The consensus of opinion is that Johnson expected, or knew there was no possibility of his winning, so when he was knocked down, chose to take the count rather than rise and stand further punishment.

Automobiles returning to the city from the fight flew white flags, and thus the news was spread far and wide that the white challenger had defeated the negro champion. As Willard came along, crowds in the streets waved flags, and handkerchiefs tied to sticks. At one point a group of negro children, who had evidently heard Johnson was the victor, waved a black flag at the white champion, who was much amused.

Willard Modest Champ

Willard is probably the most modest champion who ever stepped out of a prize ring, taking his victory as philosophically as he looked forward to the fight. Neither he nor Johnson showed much evidence of having engaged in a heavyweight championship battle. Willard's lip, right ear and left cheek showed slight cuts, but at no time were more than a drop or two of blood in evidence.

In this respect the fight was a great contrast to the Johnson-Jeffries fight at Reno five years ago when Jeffries was cut to pieces, so his blood splashed over the spectators at the ringside. Evidently thinking this condition might prevail again today, Johnson objected to the presence of a white woman in the newspaper seats just outside the ropes and she was relegated to a place farther back. On the contrary, no fight between heavyweights that has gone to a finish was cleaner or less brutal.

Johnson's left eye was partly closed in the early rounds, but not sufficiently to interfere with his fighting. His lip was also cut inside and his famous "golden smile" flashed from a very red setting.

The end of the fight came with a suddenness that dazed the spectators. It followed two or three rounds of almost complete idleness on the part of the contestants and the crowd settled down to a long drawn out struggle, believing it would go the full limit of forty-five rounds without either being able to register a knockout.

Johnson's Early Speed
The early rounds were filled with flashes of Johnson's former wonderful speed when he would rain rights and lefts to Willard's body and face, delivering ten blows to one of the big white challenger's. Through all this time, Willard was strictly on the defensive and on occasions Johnson played with him, once standing with his guard down, letting Willard swing at him, only to dodge and laugh at the awkwardness of his opponent.

Willard said before entering the ring that he expected to take a beating for ten or fifteen rounds at the hands of his faster and more skilled opponent, and that he had trained to withstand it. As a matter of fact, he did take twenty rounds of severe punishment, but laughed the blows aside and kept standing up against the rushes of the negro, who several times in each of the earlier rounds swept Willard before him to the ropes. Willard's back showed numerous welts raised by the ropes.

In the rushes Johnson would attack Willard in the body and when the latter's hands and arms came down to guard that part of the anatomy, Johnson



Jack Johnson.



Jess Willard

WILLARD'S MA IS ELSEWHERE HESTER GETS TEAM SIGNED

Also Jack Johnson Is Not
Dead Once More—A
Phoenix Victim of Brace
of Sad Hoaxes in Connection
with Fight

Jess Willard's own true name is probably in Pottawatomie, Kansas, rejoicing in the prowess of her student, and waiting for papa and the boy to come home from Havana, Cuba.

It was variously and excitedly flung to the eager public yesterday that Mrs. Frank Shindler, owner of this city, was the mother of Jess Willard, heavyweight champion pugilist of the world. This, she flatly denied last night to a Republican reporter, who, relying on the positive statement of two reputable physicians, interviewed her last evening.

Mr. Shindler, who is a blacksmith, made a husky denial of the story. He said: "We have a son who is a pugilist. He fights under the name of Charlie Shands. He used to be a sparring partner of Jess Willard, and is now fighter in Silver City, New Mexico. He won a fight on the second of this month."

"They put a lot of bull in the paper about us and then came down afterward to verify it. I am glad you are going to be on the safe side. You can tell me for me that there is nothing to it."

Reports that Jack Johnson had died or was dying as a result of the blow over the heart which knocked him into the basen class yesterday afternoon, arrived with a lot of passengers from Maricopa about nine o'clock last evening, and in ten minutes, the Republican was answering two telephone lines at the rate of seventeen calls to the minute. No rumor that was ever brought to the notice of the staff ever spread so rapidly, so far or brought such a unanimous recognition of the fact. The Republican would know if anybody did. The Republican had been advised by long distance from Maricopa of the report, and when the rumor began to grow and spread here, had a response from the Associated Press, denying it.

BUT HE TURNED IN HIS GRAVE

"I wonder why she always plays the last composition of Weber?" "Perhaps it is because Weber is not able to protest."—Le Sourire.

know that he was in no condition to fight forty-five rounds. His blows lacked the force which sent Jeffries toppling from the topmost rung of the pugilistic ladder at Reno.

It has been the opinion of Johnson and many of his friends that he did not have to be in the best condition to whip Willard, underrating the latter's splendid condition and youthful stamina.

The fight was all Johnson's during the first twenty rounds, Willard only once or twice taking the aggressive and then swinging clumsily and wildly. Meanwhile his body was growing pink under the blows that were flashed from Johnson.

In these rounds Willard would take a beating which would have put an ordinary fighter down and out. The crowd got used to seeing him throw off these slashing blows and expected to see Johnson do the same thing when Willard swung his right to the negro's chin in the final twenty-sixth. They expected to see Johnson jump up and continue fighting, just as Willard had come back but the old champion knew that he had fought his last championship fight.

Manager Reports Success
By Wire While Shaughnessy Tells of Good Luck
Committees Had—Street
Car Line Needed

With a telephone to his ear and a note of holy exultation in his voice, Herb Hester, manager of the Phoenix baseball club notified the sport editor last night that he had nine acceptances from nine baseball players in nine different parts of the country—that the Phoenix club was now complete.

At the same time, Secretary Tom Shaughnessy of the state fair commission, generalissimo of the army that is besetting the Phoenix purse for funds to clear the financial situation, was in The Republican office, reporting good progress.

"It's a sure go now," remarked Hester. "I know what men I can depend on, and I am ready to take the plunge any time. My men will be wired their transportation tomorrow. That's why I borrowed your new beach baseball guide night before last to get some addresses out of it. Thanks."

Shaughnessy was jubilant over the success his committees had met in their campaign for funds. All but Stauffer and Lohrs of the first ward got out yesterday and battled with the Willard-Johnson fight for attention while they extracted perfectly good money for the club. Before it was such an exciting day, and so few businessmen could be seen, the committees will go out again today and see the rest of the fellows who are anxious to have baseball. The Twitchell-DeMund combination proved the most successful in the first day's campaign.

Another phase of the situation was brought to notice by Shaughnessy last night. Phoenix must have a street car line to the ball park. In fact, the size of the crowds at both the ball games and the stunts at Riverside will be seriously interfered with if the people have to stand for the maltreatment they receive in the busses, that are operated at an indecent rate, both of speed and fare.

It was pointed out that the street railway company would not invest a cent in the extension of its first street car line to the ball park unless it could be assured "of protection" against the miscellaneous cars that operate a rival line. The case is considered so urgent by both the park owners and the baseball management that it is likely an effort will be made to compromise, so that automobiles will be taken off the line. There are many drawbacks to the auto lines, and not the least of them is their dust-raising propensities. It has been said that the only sort of dust they really raise is the powdered caliche from the poor old mistreated South Central avenue—that they never have operated at a profit, that they are a nuisance and ought to be abated.

LIGHTS

Mr. Picklely came home from his club one morning about 5 o'clock. He entered his happy home, crept up the stairs softly, so as not to awaken his spouse, then felt for the switch to turn on the electric light. He could not find it, and in the darkness stumbled over a chair.

"What's that?" came a voice from the bed.

"Where in the deuce are the lights in this house?" snarled Picklely, trying to put a bold face on the matter.

"Lights!" cried Mrs. Picklely sententially. "Pull up the blinds."—Judge.

SELEE REFUSED TO
TAKE LARRY LAJOIE

"Frank Selee made mighty few mistakes as a baseball manager, but he never made a bigger one than he did in 1896 when he refused to take Larry Lajoie," said Fred Mason, Larry's first manager.

Mason was managing the Fall River team when Larry broke in there in 1896. Selee was managing the Boston Nationals and owned a part of the Fall River club. He could have had Larry for nothing.

Selee remained at Boston for several years after turning down Larry, going to Chicago in 1902 where he built up the Cubs to the point where they won several pennants under Frank Chance.

TENNIS ENTRIES CLOSE TODAY; PLAY TOMORROW

Turney Cup to be Fought for by Large
Class of Racquetballers on Phoenix
Y. M. C. A. Cement Courts

Tennis entries close today at the Y. M. C. A. for the Turney cup. About a score of the best racquetballers in town are expected to appear on the cement courts in the tournament, which starts Wednesday with the first matches in the singles department.

The cup for which the players will strive was put up two years ago by Omar A. Turney, one of the most faithful supporters of the game in the Y. M. C. A. Bill Horrell has won it once, and George Judson possessed it. Both will be in the coming tourney, in an effort to claim it for their own.

Entries are to be left with Physical Director E. G. Fitzgerald at the office of the Y. M. C. A. before closing time tonight.

FEATURES ADDED TO CELEBRATION

Joe Prochaska Brings Word
of New Stunts Proposed
By Gila Committee—
Barges and Motor Boats
on Reservoir

With the coming to Phoenix of Joe V. Prochaska of Miami, representing the arrangements committee of Gila county in the joint High Water celebration at Roosevelt on the fifteenth instant, the plans for the unique and historical celebration took such a step forward as was hardly guessable by the local end of the committee prior to Mr. Prochaska's arrival. The Gila county man entered at once into the committee meetings here and told what Gila county had already done, and then proposed to help in all possible ways, with the local end of the matter. So President Fenimore of the Chamber of Commerce and Prochaska got busy at once and the following is the result. Look at it. Think about it. Better still—make up your mind to go and help make the celebration great.

The program events occupied the attention of the committee from the first and after several suggestions it was decided to anchor a decorated barge on the lake near enough to the creek dam so that the spectators could stand upon the dam and on the sides of the hills immediately adjoining, and in this natural amphitheater listen to the voices of the speakers from the barge. This is probably the most unique stunt ever conceived for a speaking stand or for a celebration. The program will not be of more than thirty minutes duration, short and snappy, terminating just in time for the crowds to attend and enjoy an immense barbecue prepared by the Gila county committee. The beebes and sheep have already been bought for the feast, and on Saturday Mr. Prochaska will proceed to superintend the digging of the roasting pits.

Another feature that will surprise those who attend the big doings, will be the motor boat service across the lake, and the pleasure trips over the lake during the stay. Barges have been fixed up, or will be for this while the motor boats will ply up the forks of the creek for nearly seventy miles altogether. It is not generally known that the trip can be made up the Salt River from the dam nearly twenty miles, and up the Tonto thirty. For those who can make these trips will find one of the greatest surprises imaginable.

Those who make the journey from Phoenix are requested to take along knives, forks, and spoons, as well as plates for the barbecue. Plenty of food will be furnished but there will not be sufficient utensils upon which to serve it. Should any decide to make the journey the day before it is likely that additional bedding will be needed.

Wife (in railway train)—"It's mortifying to have you act so. Why don't you get up and help that young lady raise that window?"

Dutiful husband—"She's so pretty, I was afraid you'd be mad."—Stray Stories.

NOT EVERYBODY INTERESTED IN THE BIG FIGHT

One Woman at Least Didn't Give a
Censored Cuss About Who Got
Heavyweight Honors; Wo-
men Fans Numerous

The wires were crossed or central made a mistake while the reporter yesterday was engaged in informing a waiting public regarding the progress of the Johnson-Willard fight. After the sixth round there appeared to be a lull in the proceedings at Havana and the reporter had fallen into the habit of seizing the telephone at the slightest signal and droning into it "Johnson in the lead at the end of the sixth. Meanwhile not removing his eyes from the paper he was scanning in his preoccupation he could not conceive that anybody would go to the trouble of ringing unless he wanted to know about the fight.

Again he grabbed the telephone and without waiting for the inquiry replied, "Johnson in the lead at the end of the sixth." "Well, what in the h—l do you suppose I care about the Big Smoke?" replied a feminine voice at the other end. "Is this the lively stable?"

Of the hundreds of calls received at the Republican office during the night, fully a third came from women.

Coast League

STANDING OF THE CLUBS

Clubs.	W.	L.	Pct.
Los Angeles	4	3	.571
Oakland	3	3	.500
San Francisco	3	3	.500
Salt Lake	2	2	.500
Venice	2	2	.500
Portland	2	4	.333

WHERE THEY PLAY TODAY

Portland at Salt Lake.
Venice at San Francisco.
Oakland at Los Angeles.



We don't ask you to mortgage your "smoke taste" to NEBO plain end.

We don't ask you to promise to keep on smoking the "Utterly Different" cigarette.

Smoke JUST ONE—

If you don't see instantly that it's "Utterly Different," and utterly delicious—chuck it!

But if it IS all that's claimed, spend your money where you get most satisfaction.

Isn't that fair? If NEBO plain end is "Utterly Different," don't you WANT IT? Won't you try it?

GUARANTEE—If after smoking half the package of NEBO plain end you are not delighted, return balance of package to P. Lorillard Co., New York (Established 1760) and receive your money back.



clean
cylinders

Clean cylinders—or dirty
ones—depend on the kind
of gasoline you use.

Red Crown
the Gasoline of Quality

leaves clean cylinders be-
cause it is double-distilled,
then carefully purified. It
burns up quick and clean.

Standard Oil Company
(California)
Phoenix